

## CIVIC VIRTUE TOMB OF MOTHER'S LOVE

Donor Cut Off Bride With  
Dollar, Left \$125,000  
for Fount.

SEES IT FIRST TIME

Exiled Daughter Comes  
From South Dakota to  
Admire.

MONUMENT OF SORROW

Tried Thrice to Break Will  
That Created 'Rough Guy'  
She Calls 'Mine.'

Mrs. Edith Hawthorn Simmons, the woman who paid for "Civic Virtue"—paid in loneliness, lack of comforts and years of bitterness—went to City Hall yesterday and looked for the first time upon the muscle bound limbs and the childlike face of the rough guy, who day and night is battling for the right amid a deepening coat of grime and soft coal smoke.

However noble may be the conception of "Civic Virtue," and however important may be the lesson, if any, which Frederick MacMonnies intended it to point out, it was an old woman's unrelenting spite that built it. The fund of \$125,000 from which the statue finally has come was left to the city in the will of Mrs. Angelina Crane, who died in 1894 in her home in Fifth avenue. All her fortune—and it was a sizable fortune for that period of New York—went to the statue. To her only child, who was Miss Edith Hawthorn Crane, the present Mrs. Simmons, she left \$1.

During all the riot of praise and denunciation of "Civic Virtue" no one thought to seek out Mrs. Simmons. This oversight appeared yesterday to have miffed her somewhat. For, she believes that if the statue pleases her, when she has had to suffer for it all her life, then certainly those who have no personal interest in it should not be displeased.

**Story Starts in '80s.**  
For Mrs. Simmons, although she has lived most of the last twenty years in Sioux Falls, S. D., trying to shut out the memory of the youth she spent in New York and trying to become genuinely interested in a country that was new to her, still has a certain pride of proprietorship in the statue. She calls it, rather fiercely, "my statue."

And since "Civic Virtue" raised his back to the City Hall, Mrs. Simmons, out in South Dakota, has been reading every scrap that has been printed of the resulting discussions. At last she decided that she would come to New York to see it. Yesterday she got up courage enough to go down to City Hall Park. Her verdict, in short, is that the statue is a wonderful piece of work. She intends to see MacMonnies and tell him so.

The story of how "Civic Virtue" came to be goes back in the eighties, when little Edith Hawthorn Crane was in her teens. Her father, Alexander Patterson Crane, who at one time held the office of public weigher and had many interests along the New York waterfront, died in 1891. She remembers that he was inordinately fond of her, for she was his only child. After he died she lived with her mother in the big house in lower Fifth avenue. They traveled much in Europe. They came back to Fifth avenue. The daughter saw horses and dogs and people going along the streets without a place to get a drink of water. That gave her an idea.

**Husband's Father Displeased.**

"Mother," she said, "don't you think it would be a good idea to take some of our money and build a pretty fountain, maybe on Fifth avenue, like some of the ones we saw in Europe. We could fix one level for the dogs and horses, and another for the people. And we could make it ornamental."

The mother, who was interested in such things and was an amateur artist of considerable talent, was non-committal. A few years later, when Edith Hawthorn Crane had become a young woman, she fell in love with Robert S. Simmons, the only child of Dr. James B. Simmons, a man of some prominence in that period. The mother did not favor the marriage, but they were married anyhow. A short time later the mother died. In her will she set forth that her money, all save the \$1, should go to build "a drinking fountain for man and beast," the same idea that the girl had had years before.

The young husband's father was displeased similarly and left his estate, all save his old house in East Fifty-ninth street, to found Simmons College in Abilene, Tex. Young Simmons, a graduate physician without a practice, had only the house and some pictures of his ancestors.

**Stays at Old House.**

But Mrs. Simmons did not accept her mother's award without a fight. Three times, employing the best counsel she could find and taking advantage of every possible point, she tried to break the will. But the courts held that old Mrs. Crane must have known what she was doing when she decreed that her fortune should go to "a drinking fountain for man and beast." So the money was held by the city, quarreled over by artists and politicians, and finally spent on the fountain in City Hall Park, with the stalwart figure of "Civic Virtue" as its centerpiece.

After the fight over the will Mrs. Simmons went to South Dakota. Her husband, the young physician who had no practice, remained in the old house in East Fifty-ninth street.

When Mrs. Simmons came back on this trip to see the statue she went to the old house and moved into a room that was vacant on the fourth floor. The house, once a representative mansion of the section just east of Fifth avenue, has not changed much in the last thirty years. Trade has invaded the first two floors. A bottle merchant is on the second floor and a furrier on the ground floor. Both pay rent. The third floor is let, but the fourth has been kept inviolate as living quarters.

Mrs. Simmons, flushing from the exertion of walking down three flights and from anticipation of seeing the statue which had deprived her of what she always has considered her natural birthright, refused to ride the subway downtown. They make her feel creepy and

## Lost a Fortune



MRS. EDITH HAWTHORN SIMMONS.

depressed, she said, and she doesn't like to walk up and down stairs. So she went down in a taxicab—down by Gramercy Park, where she always wanted to live, and through the lower avenue, which, she pointed out, has changed perhaps less than any other section.

## Looks at It in Awe.

The taxicab drew up at the southeast tip of the park, directly in front of the big marble figure which has become so smudged with black in a few short months. Mrs. Simmons got out and leaned against the iron fence which now encloses the statue, presumably to prevent the more fanatical critics of "Civic Virtue" from hurling bombs at it. A policeman was standing a few feet away, tapping the fence with his club and gazing in a rather bored manner at the work which now has far outstripped the Woolworth Tower and the Statue of Liberty in the list of things to see while you are in New York.

It was several minutes before Mrs. Simmons had a word to say. She just looked at the unblinking giant in silence. And then she noted the indefinite figures at the feet of the giant—those fishy female figures upon whom he appears to be trampling, an act which has aroused so much resentment from forward-looking women. She laughed. "Pollywogs," that's what those figures are!" she said. "Female pollywogs, perhaps, but hardly women, any way you look at it. It was rather foolish to make such a fuss over their sex. As though it mattered. But if MacMonnies had wanted to compromise he might have made one of them a male pollywog and the other a female. But that doesn't matter."

## That's Right Expression.

"And they have examined his face and said he was a moron," she added after a time. "Hardly a moron, but certainly not beautiful or exceptionally intelligent. I don't know what Mr. MacMonnies had in mind, more than what I have read, but it seems to me that it would have been a mistake to make the face too intelligent. For real civic virtue—the strong forces for good in our social and political life—they are not very intelligent yet. These forces are determined and strong, but bewildered, as though they were not quite sure which way to turn. That's the right expression."

Then Mrs. Simmons ignored the statue for a few minutes while she talked of South Dakota, where the cornfields seem to her more beautiful than Central Park ever appeared. And New York politics has come to mean little. But South Dakota is different. She hates the Non-Partisan League, which has got control of North Dakota.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed. "South Dakota has let the Non-Partisan League severely alone. We have a great

country out there—but we were talking about the statue."

Mrs. Simmons believes that statue should face the west, to denote the progressive spirit of civic virtue, but she admitted that, considering the shape of that corner of the park, such an arrangement would have lacked symmetry. Then she laughed.

"It's too bad to think that Civic Virtue, which should be going forward, would fall into the bay if he walked south from where he stands now." "It's like the way he balances that sword or club on his right shoulder," she said. "And I like the club idea. You see, it isn't really a sword, though it has that shape. A sword might cut, but from what I have seen of the forces of evil and ignorance in New York you have to pound them instead of cutting them. And then you must continue to pound them. It's the only way. And the way he balances the sword, the way he balances the City Hall. I may as well say that I have no great admiration for your city administration. Now, out in South Dakota we have had to contend with—"

## "It's My Statue."

And then the talk was all of South Dakota again, of street and park improvements, political movements among the women of the State, fights against the renegades of politics. On the way back to the little room in Fifty-ninth street she spoke again of Civic Virtue, and she was not in a light mood. "They have called it the Rough Guy," she said. "Perhaps I shouldn't like that. Perhaps I should say it was in bad taste, undignified. But no. It's a good name. It's a nickname, and we give nicknames only to those we love. People have made fun of this statue, but in a few years they will come to have a high regard for it. They will even love it and be proud of it. They will recognize it as the greatest piece of public property in New York. And it's my statue! The idea and the money!"

"Why," she said, "if they don't like it I will always be willing to take the \$125,000. I could use it. And it is really up to me to remember what the Mayor said: 'We'll let him go up and the people can judge for themselves.'"

Mrs. Simmons is elderly, portly and dignified, but she promptly answered the most difficult question of all. "Is there any bitterness left?" she repeated it. "No. There is no bitterness now. It is all right. If I could have had the statue I would have been different, but I don't know that it would have been any better or any happier. I probably would have stayed in New York and spent it on things which, after all, are useless."

## Bears No Grudge.

"Oh, don't think I didn't feel it very deeply once," she exclaimed with a flash which suggested how hard she must have fought for the legacy. "It was vital then, but as we get old nothing is vital." Mrs. Simmons got out of the taxi and walked back up the three flights to her room on the fourth floor rear. In another week or two she is going back to South Dakota to stay.

And the romance which caused old Mrs. Angelina Crane to cut her off? The young physician is old now, almost deaf, and has a pointed gray beard. He still is without a practice and doesn't want any. He stays at home most of the time and reads the classics. He is going to leave a few antiques and oil paintings of his ancestors to Simmons College, just to show that he bears no grudge. But the romance is gone.

"Remember," was that parting word of Mrs. Simmons, "I came back to New York only to see the statue—nothing else. We have a street back in Sioux Falls that has your Broadway beat a mile."

And when this couple die the spite statue and the spite college will be the only monuments left to remind people of the old New York families of Crane and Simmons.

## STANDARD OF INDIANA CUTS GASOLINE PRICE

Reduction of Two Cents a Gallon Announced.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—A reduction of two cents a gallon in the price of gasoline and all other naphtha products, effective to-morrow, was announced to-day by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

It was estimated the cut in price would save motor car users more than \$2,500,000 a month.

The new price will make the Chicago base for gasoline 19 cents at the tank and 21 cents at the service station.

## DROUGHT REDUCES LARGE CROP YIELDS

However, Harvests Will Be Greater Than Last Year in Most Cases.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Crops generally suffered loss in prospective production during September, but the harvests will be larger than they were last year except in the case of corn, buckwheat, sugar beets and peanuts.

Preliminary estimates and forecasts of production, announced to-day by the Department of Agriculture showed a reduction, as compared with a month ago, of 25,000,000 bushels of oats, 21,000,000 bushels of corn, 8,000,000 bushels of spring wheat, 15,000,000 bushels of peanuts, 5,000,000 bushels of white potatoes, 2,800,000 bushels of sweet potatoes and 2,000,000 bushels of apples. There were increases, however, in the forecasts of tobacco, barley, buckwheat, rice and beans.

Nebraska's corn crop suffered most, showing a reduction of about 13,000,000 bushels from a month ago. The reduction in Illinois was about 12,000,000 bushels, in Missouri 7,000,000 bushels and in Kansas 1,000,000 bushels.

The Department forecast a crop of 2,853,399,000 bushels of corn, in comparison with the total of 2,875,000,000 bushels forecast at the end of August. The decrease presumably was due to drought.

The spring wheat crop was estimated by the Department at 268,314,000 bushels, which compares with the forecast issued a month ago of a crop amounting to 277,000,000 bushels.

This year's production of the various crops (in thousands of bushels, except where noted) was announced as follows:

Crop	Oct. 1, 1922	Sept. 1, 1922	1921
Winter wheat	541,800	541,800	547,000
Spring wheat	268,314	277,000	267,800
All wheat	810,114	818,800	814,800
Corn	2,853,399	2,875,000	2,880,272
Oats	1,220,774	1,255,000	1,069,717
Barley	100,423	104,000	101,181
Rye	79,623	79,623	57,918
Buckwheat	14,081	13,500	14,770
White potatoes	433,015	438,000	546,923
Sweet potatoes	105,450	108,000	98,400
Flaxseed	11,725	11,725	8,112
Rice	39,150	38,800	30,515

Tobacco (lbs.) 1,555,498 1,555,000 1,075,415  
Peas (bushels) 200,000 200,000 200,000  
Apples 200,000 200,000 200,000  
Hay (w. f. d.) 92,896 92,896 81,907  
Soybeans 15,850 15,850 15,235  
Sugar beets 5,000 5,000 7,752  
Grain sorghum 90,840 90,000 110,110  
Peanuts 874,478 891,000 810,405  
Beans (green) 13,015 12,500 17,118  
Preliminary estimate of production. All other estimates are forecasts based on condition of crop October 1.

The condition of the various crops on October 1, with comparative figures for September 1 this year, October 1 last year, the October 1 ten year average, follow:

Crop	1922	1921	1920	1919	1918	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913	1912	1911	1910	1909	1908	1907	1906	1905	1904	1903	1902	1901	1900	
Winter wheat	78.4	78.4	84.5	77.1	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4	78.4
Buckwheat	83.8	83.7	87.4	79.9	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8	83.8
White potatoes	77.3	79.0	68.5	75.8	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3	77.3
Sweet potatoes	79.0	82.4	77.0	81.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0	79.0
Flaxseed	82.0	82.7	64.8	71.1	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0	82.0
Rice	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3	85.3
Tobacco	78.9	78.2	75.6	81.5	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9	78.9
Sugar beets	85.1	85.4	83.3	88.7	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1	85.1
Grain sorghum	64.9	65.2	83.4	77.0	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9	64.9

## GAS BLOWS UP SAILORS; ONE HURT, ONE PIPELESS, Explosion in Hold Adds to Disasters of Voyage.

Two sailors sitting on a hatch cover of the coal laden freighter Effra from Cardiff, Wales, were blown high into the air yesterday by an explosion of gas in the hold of the vessel as she was being berthed at Brooklyn.

Both men fell back to the steel deck of the Effra, one seriously injured. The other lost his pipe.

The explosion came at the end of a disastrous voyage. In an equinoctial hurricane encountered soon after leaving Cardiff, September 21, the Effra's lifeboats were torn away and most of the bridge was wrecked.

## NEW GERMAN LLOYD SHIP.

The local offices of the North German Lloyd were apprised yesterday of the launching of a new passenger and freight vessel, the Werra, at the Bremen yards. She is one of six of a type under construction, having accommodations for sixty cabin and 1,400 third class passengers and a speed of twelve and a half knots. The Werra is to go into the China service of the North German Lloyd.

## McQUADE COLLAPSE HITS OTHER BROKERS

Curb Estimates Total Loss to Be \$100,000—No Criminal Charge Expected.

The suspension of McQuade Bros., stock brokers, of 39 Broad street, from the New York Curb Market last Saturday for insolvency has hit a severe blow to a number of other members of the curb, and has affected at least twenty, it was learned yesterday.

No individual customers will lose through the McQuade collapse, it is understood, by reason of the fact that the McQuades did a commission business for other brokers on the curb floor rather than with individual customers. The total loss, as estimated at the curb, will amount to about \$100,000. That loss is distributed among a score of brokers, who traded through McQuade Bros. It was stated at the curb offices that no other insolventcies as a result of the McQuade losses are expected.

The curb's committee on insolventcies will meet this morning to take up the case. Auditors are at work on the books. While it is understood that the McQuade patrons suffered their losses through unfortunate speculation with their money by the McQuade firm, no criminal complaints are expected. The disposition is rather to offer the McQuades time to rehabilitate themselves and make good the losses, which curb members do not feel were occasioned by intent.

The McQuade firm is composed of Edward and John McQuade. They are brothers of James A. McQuade, Democratic leader of the Fifteenth district, Brooklyn. He is said to have had no interest in the firm.

## MAINE HUNTING BAN LIFTED.

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 9.—Gov. Baxter to-day rescinded his proclamation of Wednesday suspending the open season of hunting in Maine. Rains have diminished the danger of forest fires.

## RED AND WHITE ARMIES FIGHT FOR VLADIVOSTOK

As Japanese Evacuate Soviet Rushes Troops to City.

VLADIVOSTOK, Oct. 8 (Associated Press).—Desperate fighting between the Red and White armies is in progress on the Spassk front.

The battle is the severest recorded since the Japanese evacuation began. The Soviet forces are reported rushing troops with aeroplanes and tanks toward Vladivostok. The defenders are offering furious opposition.

**B&G**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
**FRENCH OLIVE OIL**  
THE WORLD'S  
STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE  
**YOUR GROCER HAS IT**  
E. LA MONTAGNE'S SONS  
DISTRIBUTOR FOR U.S.A.

Good Taste  
And Good Values

## Flint's Fine Furniture

THE RIPENED JUDGMENT of years of experience assures you good furniture, the determination to sell at a small profit to the many who know good furniture assures you low prices and good value.

This quaint spinet desk in solid mahogany is priced at \$32.00.

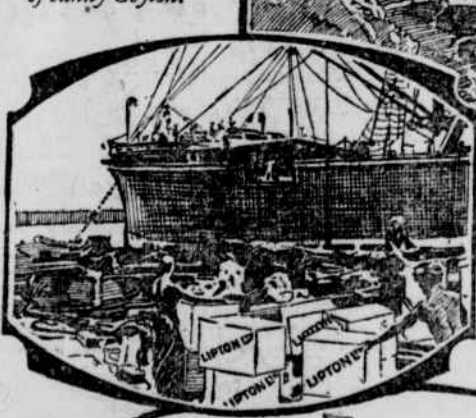
**FLINT & HORNER CO., INC.**  
20-26 WEST 36TH STREET  
A few yards from Fifth Avenue

# A Million Dollars for a Cup of Tea



Nimble fingers of native women pluck the tender, young leaves of the tea.

The vast Lipton tea gardens are high up on the slopes of the hills of sunny Ceylon.



Barges loading Lipton's Tea aboard ship. The tea is enclosed in large lead-lined chests to preserve its freshness and flavor on the 8,000 mile sea voyage to America.



Aeroplane view of the great plant in Hoboken where Lipton's tea is blended and sealed in flavor-retaining packages. It is then dispatched to the big cities where Lipton distributing depots are located and from which your grocer obtains his stock.



The story of a great planter's determination to give the world a perfect product.

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton entered the business of growing his own tea he gave one order to his employees:

"I want the best tea that can be produced. It's your work to produce that kind. If you have to spend a million dollars to get it, do so. Remember, the best tea and nothing short of that! Nothing else counts."

Money was freely spent to get definite quality results before the first tea was marketed. Standards of growing, picking, curing, shipping and packing were established so that uniformity would be certain, and those standards were highly expensive; but they have been justified because more Lipton's Tea is consumed today than any other brand.

Sealed in the well-known flavor-retaining package, Lipton's Tea reaches your table generally within ten weeks from the time it was picked in Ceylon, 8,000 miles away. The perfection you enjoy in your cup is no mere accident; no occasional experience, but the result of long, intelligent planning, and the expenditure of a vast sum of money—money spent to carry out the orders of the great tea merchant who said:

"The best tea. Nothing else counts!"

The pride of the maker finds no higher expression than his name on the package. Look for the signature of Sir Thomas J. Lipton on every package of tea you buy thus:

*Thomas Lipton*  
**TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER, CEYLON**

It is Sir Thomas Lipton's guarantee that you have the utmost in tea quality and that you will enjoy tea drinking at its best.

Ask your grocer for Lipton's Yellow Label Tea, Sir Thomas J. Lipton's finest tea; therefore the finest tea the world produces.

In every cup of Lipton's you get "A million dollar flavor" and Lipton's now costs you no more than any other good tea.

**THOMAS J. LIPTON, Inc.**  
Terminal Building, Hoboken, N. J.